

THE NUR AF SHAN

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No. 21

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, May 15.

A *Daily Telegraph* despatch from Constantinople says that the commission of delimitation of the frontier will be Turco-Egyptian, thus meeting the Sultan's objections to treat directly with Great Britain.

London, May 14.

The Russian Council of the Empire is debating the amnesty question.

Count de Witte is of opinion that an amnesty is the only method for pacifying public opinion, and, if the Council requested an amnesty, the Emperor would not refuse a hearing.

A bomb killed a police captain at Warsaw yesterday and wounded seven persons. The troops shot the assassin and attacked the public with their bayonets and the butt ends of their rifles. Altogether four persons were killed and nineteen wounded.

With these exceptions no serious disturbances took place in Russia.

Simla, May 15.

Information been received from Persia that the Shah has had a stroke of paralysis, but is expected to recover from it.

London, May 16.

The *Daily Telegraph* believes to be substantially true a statement published at Berlin that a convention is about to be concluded between Great Britain and Russia settling outstanding difficulties in Persia and Central Asia.

During a debate in the Duma on the Address violent speeches were made demanding the punishment of the authorities responsible for filling the prisons and also attacking the Council of the Empire.

The Duma's Address to the Tsar is couched throughout in uncompromising terms and concludes by stating that the nation is thirsting for a full political amnesty which cannot be denied or delayed.

The *Tribune* says that arrangements have been for a considerable time in progress for an Anglo-Japanese naval and military conference at Tokio.

London, May 17.

The Earl of Portsmouth, speaking at Andover last night, said that, if the House of Lords rejected the Education Bill, the Government was prepared to accept the challenge of a General Election fought on education; the result strengthening the cause of Disestablishment and probably leading to secularism.

There are 502 amendments to the Education Bill.

The Washington Senate is angrily debating Mr. Roosevelt's attitude in the Railway Rates Bill.

The Democrats accuse him of duplicity and siding with the Republicans after making advances to the Democrats.

The Russian Duma is discussing minutely the clauses in the address. The speeches are limited to five minutes, and numerous extravagant proposals are made.

London, May 20.

Reuter's correspondent at Tokio says that it is rumoured that there is diplomatic tension between Japan and Russia; the latter being determined to ignore the Japanese protectorate over Korea, claiming that the Portsmouth Treaty recognised its independence.

Great Britain and Germany are supporting Japan.

London, May 19.

The *Times* Peking correspondent says that the Japanese legation has been instructed to support Great Britain in asking for explanations regarding the Chinese Customs Edict.

Reuter's correspondent at Peking says that all the Foreign Ministers have announced that they will support Britain's protest against the customs Edict.

The British Charge d'Affaires has addressed a second note to the Chinese Government.

The Duma has unanimously adopted an address in reply to the Imperial speech from the throne; including therein the request for a complete amnesty.

The Council of the Russian Empire, in its address to the Tsar, recommends the granting of an amnesty but excluding those imprisoned for outrages on life and property.

Count de Witte, in his speech before the Council of the Russian Empire, said that a "wholesale amnesty would be the prelude to a revolution," etc.

The American Senate has passed the Railway Rate Bill with amendments chiefly providing for the ratification of the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission by the law courts, against which Mr. Roosevelt has long fought.

The measure now goes to a conference committee of both Houses.

London, May 21.

The *Times* describes the numerous reports of an Anglo-Russian agreement as mere "balloons d'essai." Nothing whatever is settled or can be until the internal situation, which demands superhuman statesmanship, permits a stable foreign policy.

The Tsar has informed the Duma that he is unable to receive an address except through the Court Minister.

The members of the Duma are irritated but have decided not to make the refusal a ground for conflict at present.

An Englishman named Mr. Stuart, who is the United States Consul, has been murdered at Batoum.

Colonel Count Keller has been seriously injured by a bomb at Warsaw.

The thrower of it escaped.

The Pope is still confined to his bed with gout.

It is reported that he has a complicated heart affection.

All audiences have been suspended.

News has been received at St. Petersburg that the Shah is suffering severely from the extreme heat and acute gout.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

These are the days when one longs for the taste, the sound and the feeling of water. The creaking of the wheel at the well, the gurgle of the liquid as it pours out of the *surâbî*, the delicious coolness of the bath after a long, hot morning's work, all of these spell the one word "delight" during the hot weather in India. But each person who agrees with the sentiment just enunciated has also some particular scene before his mind's eye which expresses to him the *perfection* of delight; and there are just as many scenes as there are persons to think of them. When the days begin to grow hot and dusty and there is nothing to be seen but sandy wastes and trees shrouded in grey, the editor invariably begins to sigh for a little spot in Pennsylvania, visited by him one hot day in July and which has ever since stood for an ideal retreat from the intensity of old Sol's summer rays. It is an apple orchard on the side of a hill, and just in the shadiest place a spring bubbles up between mossy stones put there to protect the crystal treasure. All around it and on both sides of the stream, as it hurries away down the hill side, are mint and pennyroyal, with here and there a fern at the waters edge. The hillside is covered with sweet red clover, and already the apples are beginning to form among the clustering leaves over head. It is a lovely thing to think of, but it is the water that gives it its real meaning, for while the sunshine grows hotter and hotter, the water pours out and over the stones as cool and refreshing as it was in the early morning.

In just the same way in any days of spiritual drouth, the very sound of the word "Revival" has refreshment in it. We hear of what springs have been opened in Assam and at once we think "Oh if such streams of the Water of Life were only to flow in our own country" And it is right for us so to long, and not merely to long but to convert our longing into prayer. But there is one mistake which we may be likely to make, and which needs to be guarded against.

Just as it is impossible that the scene of the orchard and the hillside spring of Pennsylvania should be repeated on the plains of India, because God has some other means of watering these broad expanses, so we must not expect to have precisely the same manifestations of the Spirit among the people of our provinces as have taken place among the hill dwellers. A stream that flows through a level country has just the same power to refresh and cause green fields to flourish along its course as any mountain torrent has, but we must not expect the waters to run and bubble in the same fashion. It would be very foolish of the editor to refuse to gain comfort from the sight of the little channels

leading from the well in the garden, and bringing refreshment to the plants every where within reach, simply because the water does not run with the same fascinating little eddies, and because there is no mint and pennyroyal along its course. Now God intends to bring a revival whenever his people are prepared for it; but we must not limit Him as to the way in which it is to be brought about, nor be disappointed if it does not come up to our expectations in point of excitement and unusual, mysterious interest. If the Water is only there let us be satisfied; but let us neither claim what is not meant for us nor yet rest content with only half of what God is willing to give. His ways are "past finding out."

There are some forms of "Revival" which pass uncom- mented upon in our religious papers and which yet deserve our serious attention. When a nation has for many years been passively submitting to wrong and injustice and then is roused to fight that wrong and undo that injustice, who shall say that this is not a true "Revival." President Roosevelt would hardly pass as a revivalist in some circles, and yet we venture to affirm that there are few men who have been used as he has been to bring others to a sense of their civic wrongdoing. A national sin must be repented of by the nation; and the man who can by the preaching of his own stern integrity, and courageous policy bring that nation to acknowledge its folly and to turn from it surely deserves to be ranked among the "prophets." Political corruption has stained the banner of the United States of America, and not until it has been thoroughly washed by tears of true repentance can any citizen of that great power feel the full satisfaction that he ought to take in his heritage. Pres. Roosevelt means that every American shall have the right to be proud of his country, and to this end he is devoting every hour that he spends in the high office to which he has been elected.

MY FATHER'S WORLD.

MALTBIE D. BARCOCK.

This is my Father's world.
Oh, let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father's world.
The battle is not done.
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And Earth and heaven be one.

This is my Father's world.
Should my heart be ever sad?
The Lord is King—let the heavens ring.
God reigns—let the earth be glad.

—Ex.

XVI—SOME OF DAVID'S NETS AND SOME OF OURS.

BY DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE.

"He shall pluck my feet out of the net."—Psalm xxv. 15.

(Continued)

Then again, those who were our most pleasant companions at the beginning of our life sometimes become a soul-choking net to us long before the end of it. Those companions that at one time we could not be parted from, day nor night—what would we not give now to get for ever rid of the very thought of them! And even when we do manage to shake them off, those former friends and lovers of ours carry away with them far too much knowledge of us, and of what we once were. A knowledge of a kind and an amount that makes us wish sometimes that all our old lovers were dead and buried. But such is their hold of us that even when they are dead and buried, their dead hands down in their very graves still continue to hold our feet fast in their never-to-be-escaped net. Young men not yet wholly ensnared! and young women! give me your imagination, give me your conscience, give me your heart: for, ten to one, ninety-nine to a hundred, that companion for whose sake you are at this moment breaking the hearts of your parents, will yet hold your soul in a baleful net that will make you curse the day you ever saw his face. Were the old and the much-experienced men in this house to-night but to speak out, they would more than support me in what I am now taking boldness to say. If they would but say what they feel at this moment, it would be this—it would be something like this: "Young man, young woman," they would say, "pay all attention and give all obedience to this Psalm and to this sermon. For, would to God we had paid attention and had given obedience to these things while we were young, and our feet were still free! Alas! alas!" they would say, "that we cannot put our old heads on your young shoulders. Alas! alas! that every young man must weave his own net, and lie roaring in it, before he will take warning. But a young sinner fairly begun to sin will not take warning—no, not though one should rise from the dead to tell him what he is doing and how it will all end." That is what those old and experienced men would say to you, if they would only take pity upon you and would speak out.

"Snares in thy thoughts," sings Francis Quarles to us, so sadly and so warningly. I think I know what he means. I think I know what he would have us learn. Is not this something of what he means? We all have evil thoughts toward certain men: evil thoughts that hold our souls in an evil snare. One evil thought at that man and then an-

other evil thought at him. One thread of malice after another thread of malice, till a perfect web of malice at that man is woven around our souls. A whole web of malice that simply chokes our souls every time we see that hated man, or hear his name, or in any way think of him. He does not know it. He would not believe into what a snare of the devil his very existence has warped and poisoned our souls. Our worst enemy could not wish us a worse misery than our own thoughts are to us when we again think of that hateful man. And not one man only; but many men, with our many-nets of malice toward them, all eaten deep into our very souls. Beneath our gayest garment, beneath our marriage garments and our ball-dresses, we all wear next our skin those secret nets all woven of living fire, and they burn and fester into the very joints and marrow of our souls, behind all our forced hilarity and all our sham smiles. Talk to children of the great Greek tragedies! There are far worse tragedies of sin and misery all around us in this Christian land. Aye, and they are already enacted within us all; or they are fast getting ready to be enacted. Great God of human souls! look down and have mercy!

Now, we do not know, we are not told, just which of all these nets it was in which David's feet were so taken at that time. Most likely, by that time, he was taken in them all. Now in one, and now in another, and then in all of them together, sometimes. But whatever David's terrible nets and snares were at that time, that is not the point. This is the point. This is the all important point. It is for this that all his story is told. All the time he lay in his nets and snares his eyes were toward the Lord. "Mine eyes," he tells us, "are ever toward the Lord." At one time, as we all know, David determined at any cost to break out of one of his worst snares. But it ended in his sinking deeper into that snare, and into another and a far worse snare. But by this time David had learned wisdom. Wisdom at any rate in the matter of his nets and snares, and in the best way of being pinched out of them. And thus it is that instead of writing any more letters to Joab full of lies and deceit and bloodshed, David lays himself down quietly with a chastised spirit and a broken heart and looks up to God. We have his very words preserved to us to this day. Come near to David's net and listen, all you sinners of all ages to what he says and prays. "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions; according to Thy mercy, remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord." Then after lying still and thinking on his ways, he adds this: "For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." And then as his net wrapped itself round his neck and over his head till he was well-nigh choked with it we make out this: "Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and afflicted.



The troubles of my heart are enlarged; O bring Thou me out of my distresses. Look upon my affliction and my pain: and, especially, forgive all my sins." Now, are any of you at all like that? Do any of you feel that if you got what you deserve you would be let lie in your self-woven net till the day of judgment, and would then be hung up in it to the contempt and the horror of men and angels? Are you sometimes besides yourself with shame at yourself, and with the fear of God's righteous judgments? So was David till the Lord one day sent from above and plucked David His servant body and soul and estate out of all his nets and all his snares. Are you like David then in his sinful folly and selfdestruction? Then be like him also in this. Look up. Look in no other direction. Look ever and only up. Let your eyes be ever toward the Lord. And He will take pity. He compassions fail not. He delighteth in mercy. He always comes to misery like David's and yours. I assure you He does. He did it to David, He has done it to some men here, and He will do it to you. As sure as you sit there He will. As sure as you lie in your net and look up He will. If you are so full of pain and shame that you cannot speak, then take boldness and look. Plead with your eyes. Plead with your tears. Plead with your broken heart. And if you continue to do so, we will yet hear you singing this very Psalm in this very Church and saying: "Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will He teach sinners in His way. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him: and He will show them His covenant. Redeem Israel, O Lord, out of all his troubles!"

OUR MEMBERS TESTIFY.

Faith if it hath not works is dead (Jas. 2: 17). Some people were talking of the testimonies they had just heard at a revival meeting, when a lawyer who was not a Christian quietly remarked: "To a lawyer there is a difference between testimony and evidence." Our six days' living must furnish the evidence to the world that our testimony on Sunday and in the prayer meeting is true.

Ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
While truths on which eternal things depend.
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend.
As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand;
Happy to fill religion's vacant place,
With hollow form, and gesture and grimace.

—Cowper.

THE REVIVAL IN THE LUSHAI HILLS.

It can scarcely be credited that the Lushais of all people have come under the influence of the Spirit of God. Between thirty and forty years ago the name "Lushai" was a terror to all the tribes along the border of Sylhet, Cachar and Chittagong, for the inhabitants of these places knew not the moment when this savage people would come to pay them a surprise visit. The Lushais were the most troublesome of all the Hill tribes and notorious for the raids they made, for the object of securing slaves and human heads for certain ceremonies they had in connection with their chiefs. The great raid of 1871 (only 35 years ago) is still remembered by many, when Mr. Winchester, a Tea Planter was killed and his little daughter, Mary Winchester, was carried away to Lushai. The following cold whether, the great Lushai expedition took place; two British forces marched into Lushai, one through Cachar and the other from the Chittagong side. It was at this time that little Mary Winchester and upwards of one hundred other British subjects were liberated and the most powerful chiefs were brought into subjection.

The borders of Lushai land had rest for some time afterwards, but about sixteen or seventeen years ago, another attack was made on the Cachar side, and the British Government determined to occupy the country.

It is only about sixteen years ago (Sept 1890) when Lieut. Browne and others were killed by the Lushais and as late as 1896 (only 10 years ago) the last expedition in Lushai land was made when Kairuma the chief was captured.

In 1891 the Rev. W. Williams of the Welsh Mission and Mr. B Aitken a special correspondent of the *Englishman* paid a visit to the country with a view of opening it up for Mission work and soon after Messrs Lorraine and Savidge went to Aiyal as Missionaries under the Arthington Aboriginal Mission. These two Missionaries accomplished much work and were very successful, and when they returned to England on furlough in 1897 the Welsh Mission sent out the Rev. D. E. Jones to take charge of the Mission Field and in 1898 the Rev. Edwin Rowlands joined him.

The South Lushai Hills were handed over to the Baptist Mission some time afterwards and the Revs. Savidge and Lorraine who had worked so successfully as pioneers in North Lushai were appointed to take

charge of the South Lushai Hill Tracts with their head quarters at Lungleh.

With this brief introduction the reader will be able to understand what great work the Lord has accomplished in the Lushai Hills and will praise God that the Revival has commenced among such an interesting tribe.

For some time the Lushai Christians have been longing for a Revival; last year for several months they held Prayer meetings almost every night. At first these meetings were well attended and the people were very earnest and several young men came forward to lead in prayer who had never done so before; but gradually the zeal of many waxed cold, and some even began whether our God was a prayer-hearing God or not.

Reports from Khassia reached Lushai that great blessings were expected at the Annual Assembly to be held at Mairang and it was suggested that a few of the leading Christians from North and South Lushai should attend the Assembly and nine persons went, four men and two women from North Lushai and three men from South Lushai. Those that remained behind prayed that in spite of the fact that these delegates would not be able to understand the language that they might feel the power of the Spirit and return to Lushai bringing some of the Revival fire with them.

It was noticed at the Assembly that the men were strongly moved, some of them were weeping bitterly, and as they halted in Sylhet over the Sunday on their way back, the Christians of Sylhet felt that they had received some power that they did not possess when they stayed with them on their way to Khassia, they were singing and praying almost the whole time. But Satan was not willing for the Holy Spirit and these men to have all their own way and he succeeded in creating a dissension among the party on the return journey, but when they came in sight of Lushai the Spirit of God moved them to hold a Prayer Meeting on the road side (was not this prompted by the Spirit in answer to the thousands of prayers offered on their behalf by the Khassies) and one of the party imagined that he could see a light descending upon them from above. This road-side prayer meeting banished all their differences and they entered Lushai with one mind.

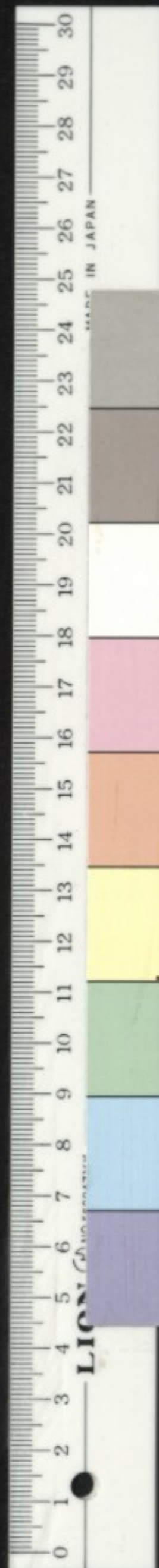
They reached back on the 4th of April and had a meeting that night with the Christians, and they felt

that there was a strange power working within them and one of them (the first baptized Christian in Lushai felt so overpowered that he could not help leaping for joy and at times he groaned with the weight of the burden on his mind. The small congregation of Christians present were much affected and began to weep, and a few of them began to wave their hands while singing and their bodies also seemed to sway unconsciously. The next day the delegates gave an account of their journey to the school children but there was nothing unusual at this meeting and for some days things went on as usual, the meeting seemed hard and cold, and the other Christians were harder than usual and no one took any part in the Services except the party that had been to Khassia.

On the 9th of April the South Lushai delegates were returning homes and according to their usual custom the Christian had a Farewell Meeting with them, when the short service was over, the school children began to sing "God be with you till we meet again" and the men began to shake hands with their friends, but the singing was sweeter than usual and no one felt inclined to leave. Then one of the preachers began to speak again and he spoke under deep feeling. Then another hymn was sung and it seemed to take hold of the whole congregation and as they sang their bodies began to move and they became so enthusiastic that others hearing the strange sound came running in.

Soon after a young woman began to confess her sins—she had dishonoured the name of Christ by leaving her husband and oh how she prayed for forgiveness. Every one seemed to join with her in prayer. Then others began to confess their sins and cry for mercy, until at last a large number were down on the ground crying for mercy and forgiveness. All kinds of sins were confessed, some had been full of doubts, others had disobeyed Christ, some had been unwilling to witness for Him, others had neglected the means of grace, some had given way to lust, others had been stealing and others had been untruthful; it was just one torrent of confession and prayer, even the little children cried aloud. The Spirit of God had truly come and according to Christ's promise was convincing men of sin. It seemed as if the judgment day had come so loud were the cries for mercy and pardon.

Some one then began to sing a ringing Hymn of Victory and the whole congregation joined with great



rejoicing, waving their hands, swaying their bodies, and many keeping time with their feet. Then some one would ask for prayer and the whole congregation would plead with God for that soul, then another hymn would be sung. In this way prayer and praise continued for hours. The meeting which had commenced at 8. A. M. did not close until 2, clock and all felt that the Spirit of God was present.

Another service of six hours duration was held in the evening. At this meeting a young man from a distant village turned in to see the fun (as he said) but almost immediately the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, and he pushed forward to the front and then felt into a swoon with his head on the table, and breathing heavily and was unconscious for some time; then he stood up and confessed his sin and testified to the change that had come over him since he entered the room.

The following night a teacher fainted and the missionary was moved to say that he felt that the Revival would break out in the village where that teacher was working. He had brought the news that there were eleven enquirers there, and afterwards that the eleven had increased to thirty and all were anxious to hear about the Revival, and in less than a week the news came that a school boy had gone home and carried the fire with him and he came back bringing the names of forty-four persons that had decided to follow Christ.

A young married man who had been compelled to leave his village because he was suspected of being a Christian was passing near the chapel and hearing a strange noise he came in. He was surprised at what he saw and he hardly joined in the singing, at first, but afterwards he asked the people to pray for him and he soon participated in the joy of salvation. He went back to his old village and had meetings there in some house and in too or three days there were eleven enquirers in that village.

Since the beginning of the Revival about 150 names of enquirers have come in. Some men from the surrounding villages have purposely come in hoping to be touched by the Spirit, others are afraid of coming lest they be compelled to confess their sin.

We hear that the work of God has been revived in Lungleh (South Lushai) also and we hope to be able to give an account of the work there in a few days, and

we pray that this precious awakening will spread over all the Hills and over all the Hills of Assam. Will the readers kindly pray for this.

We are indebted for this account to the kindness of the Rev. D. E. Jones, Ayal, Lushai, and hope to have further accounts soon.

Sylhet 5 May, 1906.

A PRAYER.

O God, I believe in thee, do thou strengthen my belief; I hope in thee, do thou confirm my hope: I love thee, do thou vouchsafe to redouble my love; I adore thee as my first principle, I desire thee as my last end: I thank thee as a punctual benefactor; I call upon thee as my supreme defender.

My God, be pleased to guide me by thy wisdom, rule me by thy justice comfort me by thy mercy and keep me by thy power."

—Madame Guyon.

THE TWO MEN.

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children, when the day was done,
About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird,
One mount or plain:
No Music in the soul of one was stirred,
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man,
And hoped the best:
The other marveled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having God above the heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

—Ex.

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